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The Philosophic Basis of the French Revolution.

MACLEAN PRIZE ORATION, BY R. B. JOHNSON, OF WEST INDIES.

NATURE'S forms of expression are dual. Heat and cold, sunlight and shadow, cause and effect, volition and action, life and death, are all forms of this one principle. The law of compensation works, calm and unseen, like the mighty powers of nature; it speaks in the sphere of morals; it governs the physical universe; it formulates the laws of nations and decides their histories. This is the principle by which we should estimate French political philosophy of the eighteenth century.

The period directly preceding the Revolution was, for France, an era of strange and distracting events; it was an era of rationalism; of a people divided into two great social factions, the one the apostles of an atheistic philosophy, living in an ideal sphere of theory and abstraction, the other a mass of helpless misery, living in a real world of confused and discordant elements.

The Revolution itself was the most momentous event of the eighteenth century. Nothing of as grave import had occurred since the mighty struggles of the Reformation as

"When France in wrath her giant limbs upreared,
And with that oath which smote earth, air and sea,
Stamped her strong foot, and said she would be free."

It was a revolution, expressing in frantic outburst the sentiments of a people resolved to strike off the fetters of feudalism; it was a revolution against a society whose hollow forms were more than mockery to starving millions; it was a revolution charged with the evolution of social ideals—a revolution acknowledged to have been the natural sequence of speculative thought, of destructive and constructive literature.

The spirit of the movement was the effacing of superstition, the abolition of absolutism, the establishment of society on more of a basis of equality. But philosophism, with its gilded fallacies, now comes to herald the dawn of a brighter era; it tells a people, already dissatisfied with tradition and the bequeathed wisdom of the ages, that hope of the future is conditioned on forgetfulness of the past. This erratic conclusion lay at the root of civil sentiment; touched the essence, not simply the accidents, of society; sanctioned social dissolution, and animated the stream of popular discontent which was to flow on and on, until its waters were crimsoned with the blood of demagogism and choked with the excesses of a Reign of Terror. The condition of France in the eighteenth century was simply deplorable. The army of hunger marshals twenty-five millions; monarchy is a synonym for tyranny; the crown, the church, nobles and peasantry, all have taken up the arms of dissension; the church is a nest of corruption, the social organism in its death throes, Christianity swallowed up in the vortex of atheism; public service a chaos; sensualism clothes its

crimes in the vestments of political philosophy, and, to crown all, gross materialism is at its zenith.

These are all causes connected with the Reign of Terror and subsequent political unrest. By logical method, we eliminate the minor causes, and find one of the dominating causes to be a destructive, critical and skeptical literature—a subversive political philosophy. For, whether the writers caught the inspiration which directed their genius from profound meditation on abstract truth or from the moving spirit of the age, it still remains that the principles established became the justification of measures which made the Revolution a synonym for all that is cruel and bloody. The dominant philosophic tone is best seen in the writings of typical authors :

Helvetius tells us that man is possessed of the same two fundamental faculties as beasts—memory and sensation ; that his superiority arises from his external form ; that virtue and duty must be viewed only in connection with our physical sensibilities. The logical conclusion is, that a man is virtuous or the opposite, according to the nature of his environments. If, then, a people's political institutions are not for them the most desirable, revolution is justifiable. Also, according to this false code of morals projected by Helvetius, virtue is made to consist in physical enjoyment ; here we have the justification of sensualism. Henceforth vice is decreed a virtue, atheism becomes rampant, the more sublime faculties are lost sight of before the animal, freedom degenerates into the wildest license, sensualism revels in its three thousand cesspools of vice and shame, the passions become the dominating principles of human life. The radical error, therefore, in Helvetius' idea of man is, as Morley says, that he considers him as "a singular piece of mechanism, principally moved from without, and not as a conscious organism, reacting with a life of its own from within."

To supplement the follies of Helvetius came the treatise of Condillac. Ignoring the higher ideas of justice and moral good, and viewing all our knowledge as the result of contact with the outer world, he argues that nature is the source of everything that makes us what we are. Under this aspect, worship of nature is instituted with pomp and ceremony; discoveries and inventions spring from fertile minds and science marches on with mighty strides. But the teaching of Condillac, pushed to its ultimate consequences, means more—it means that we are to obey the feelings instigated by our physical nature. His doctrine, therefore, teaches, in its ultimate consequences, that virtue and religion may consist in unblushing immorality.

And between the sanctioned vice of Condillac and the modification of his system in Rousseau, stands the naked blasphemy of Voltaire. Nothing escapes his satire, everything that the ages had made venerable, everything that religion had constituted sacred, is turned to unutterable ridicule by pungent wit and blighting scorn. Intrepid, brilliant, humanistic, he is yet the arch-representative of the worst type of scoffing blasphemy.

So far, the aim of the literature has been the justification of revolutionary measures. Rousseau goes further. Arguing that revolution is justifiable, he then proceeds to show, that for everything to be abolished, something better may be substituted. Powerful as a thinker, he formulates theories with all the exactness of logical precision; skillful in turning periods, he writes and Paris is fascinated; he advances theories of legislation and the French nation watches for the dawn of a Utopian freedom. He tells them, that "No individual, nor yet the whole multitude which constitutes the state, can possess the right of compelling any man to do anything of which it has not been demonstrated that his own will must join in prescribing it." Such a sentiment is opposed to the most essential principles of the social system; it would substitute license for law, corruption for public

purity, and harmony and order would yield to the wild reign of confusion and anarchy.

This principle, therefore, which he tries to establish as fundamental, and which may be taken as a typical example of the erratic side of his system, is equally destructive to all government and society. For, since a man may will at one time what he may reject at another, government and society would be in a continual ferment of change and instability. A coloring of sentimentalism tinges his erratic conclusions; he judges on literary principles, views society in the abstract, and discards all those phenomena that accompany it as an organism. But to study French politics of the eighteenth century apart from Rousseau, is like studying effect apart from the cause in which it pre-exists. Do patriots wonder at the hoodwinked enthusiasm of the Jacobin Club? Let them see in it the philosophy of Rousseau! Do men call Robespierre a fanatic because he sacrificed hundreds to the triumph of an idea? Let them remember that he drew his inspiration from Rousseau! Does religion weep over the excesses of the Reign of Terror? Let it console itself by remembering that the literary Utopias of Rousseau were a cause as dominating as were the corruptions of the church!

But, whether the literature of the age was the product of sincerity or not, it still remains, that the liberty advocated becomes debasing servitude; that Terror becomes the watchword of the day; that hundreds perish daily at the click of the guillotine; that queenly beauty and kingly rank, youthful innocence and sweetest eloquence, become the victims of heartless demagogism; that churches are plundered; legislation is unsettled; an enthroned harlot is worshiped as the Goddess of Reason; suspicion lurks in every heart; traitors arm themselves to leave their dens only in the blackness of night; justice seems obsolete; crime passes unnoticed; the highest law comes to mean the will of fanatics struggling after ends that are vague and speculative, and political phi-

losophy is made the justification of atrocities, that stand almost unparalleled in the annals of moral turpitude.

And never again, through the long line of the centuries, may truth be forsaken for hypothesis; never again may so deadly a potion be presented in the golden chalice of philosophy, and the skies of a false hope be tinted with twilight and dawn!

Sunset Thoughts.

A FAR in the dreamy haze of eve,
Fondly enfolding the dim church spires,
Faint voices awake to wail and grieve.

Day-glories doomed beyond reprieve
Splendidly shed their sunset fires
Afar in the dreamy haze of eve.

Beauties in which the worlds believe
Are waning and list! where light expires
Faint voices awake to wail and grieve.

Hopes are fading and ideals leave,
While flashes flare like funeral pyres,
Afar in the dreamy haze of eve.

Yet perchance we'll live to receive
Fulfilment of dreams to our heart's desires,
Though voices lament and wail and grieve.

When gleamings of dawn the heavens cleave
They'll come to the sound of laughing lyres,
Though far in the dreamy haze of eve
Faint voices lament and wail and grieve.

Whittier's Recent Poetry.

IN HIS youth Whittier reminds us of some brave young knight whose soul yearns to do battle for the right, protect the helpless, reform the world; not always carefully discriminating between the wrong and the wrong-doer, and frequently unjust himself in his youthful enthusiasm for justice. Old age, with its accompaniments of wider experience, deeper views and sounder judgment, has caused him to look more leniently upon the failures of his fellow-men to reach the high ideals he cherishes. Not because he has in any degree lowered his standards of right, of justice, of truth, but because he realizes more clearly the weakness of human nature.

Having lived to see the accomplishment of that for which he had so long labored—the liberation of the slaves—he seems to have given over further reformatory work into younger hands, and consequently we miss in his recent poetry the old battle cries and soul-stirring words with which he was wont to arouse his fellow-men to action.

In reading Whittier's works we are reminded of a certain musical composition in which it was the intention of the composer to represent a battle between two armies, and the night following the battle. At intervals the familiar air of "Home, Sweet Home," was introduced—now amidst the rattle of musketry, the tramp of moving squadrons, the shrill sounds of the fife—then, again, when the battle was over and night closed in on the field of carnage strewn with the dead and dying. The familiar notes were never long silent, though they often sounded strangely amidst less harmonious and widely different sounds. So it is with the poetry of Whittier. No matter what the subject, we hear constantly the same familiar notes of freedom, justice, right—now mingled with the wild strains of an old Indian legend—then, again, with the sweet lays of home, and in

his slavery poems they swell out into a heart-stirring symphony.

It has been well said that "the first attempts of men of genius are always indicative of their powers, suggesting, as they do, possibilities, which in time, and under the influence of favorable stars, ripen into potent actualities." The subjects of his first poems were for the most part legendary; afterwards he devoted his pen to the abolition cause and did noble service. In both these paths he was largely successful. He reverts again, in his old age, to the Indian legends that proved so attractive to his youthful imagination, and croons an old Alonquin tale, "How the Robin Came." It is simply and beautifully told, with the little pathetic touches so characteristic of our poet. Here is a short extract from the song of the Robin:

"Friend of man, my song shall cheer
Lodge and corn-land; hovering near,
To each wigwam I shall bring
Tidings of the coming spring;
Every child my voice shall know
In the moon of melting snow,
When the maple's red bud swells,
And the wind-flower lifts its bells."

The style and tone of this is obviously different from the blood-curdling legend written in his youth, "Mogg Megone."

The bitter persecution to which the Quakers were subjected in the early history of the colonies naturally inspired him, a very Friend of Friends, with an intense hatred of every form of tyranny, and a passionate desire for universal freedom. "The Exiles," written about 1846, indicates very clearly what he thought of such intolerant acts of the Puritans. And now, forty years later, he writes again on the same subject. "Banished from Massachusetts" cannot be said to have quite the vigor and vividness of "The Exiles," but this loss is more than compensated for by a deeper

religious tone, one more in accord with the religious feelings that sustained the Quakers in their tribulations.

It has been wittily, and in some measure truly, said: "If liberty of conscience came over in the Mayflower, it was a portion of her perishable cargo, and was soon disposed of, and never afterwards imported, or, if imported, was confiscated before landing." It is astonishing that the Puritans, having been compelled themselves to drain the bitter cup of religious persecution to its very dregs, should have forced it so persistently to the lips of others. Their treatment of the unoffending Quakers seems, in the light of the nineteenth century, without excuse.

Whittier always had the power to awaken the sympathies of his readers, and this poem, "Banished from Massachusetts," shows he has not lost it. How deeply do we feel for those who were forced to leave the home they had toiled so hard to rear, to turn away forever from

"The lowing kine, the orchard blossoming,
The open door that showed the hearthfire's blaze."

It seems hardly possible that quiet, inoffensive citizens could have been so persecuted by their fellow Christians that they should feel themselves

"Safer with winds and waves than human wrath,
With ravening wolves than those whose zeal for God
Was cruelty to man, the exiles trod
Drear leagues of forest without guide or path,
Or launching frail boats on the uncharted sea,
Round storm-vexed capes, whose teeth of granite ground
The waves to foam, their perilous way they wound,
Enduring all things so their souls were free."

We look in vain in his recent poetry for any reference to slavery or events connected with it. He seems to have closed and sealed that epoch of his life, and, judging by his poetical works, never with the key of memory does he unlock the portals and gaze into the dusty recesses within.

Why is this? There are, in all probabilities, various reasons, but chief among them, we think, is the consciousness that in the heat of conflict he gave utterance to opinions in regard to the motives of others that in these calmer days seem manifestly unjust. The kindness of his heart, his love of justice, make it a real pain for him to find that he has been unfair—that he has wronged any one even in thought. Do you doubt that Whittier was ever too severe? Note this wholesale and merciless condemnation of Southern clergymen because of a newspaper item, which stated that the clergy of all denominations were present, and lent their sanction to a pro-slavery meeting in Charleston, 1835 :

“Just God!—and these are they
Who minister at thine altar, God of Right!
Men who their hands with prayer and blessing lay
On Israel's Ark of light!

What! preach, and kidnap men?
Give thanks, and rob thy own afflicted poor? .
Talk of thy glorious liberty, and then
Bolt hard the captives door?

Paid hypocrites, who turn
Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book
Of those high words of truth which search and burn
In warning and rebuke.”

Our opinion in regard to the wrong of keeping a human being in bondage has not changed, but as time goes on we are better able to understand the feelings of those who had been trained from earliest infancy in the doctrine that slavery was right and proper, and whose worldly wealth was intimately connected with keeping that institution intact.

The deep religious vein which showed itself in “My Soul and I” reappears in his recent poems “Adjustment” and “Revelation.” With Whittier as an exponent it is not difficult to believe in the Quaker doctrine of an inward light. Has he lived in this age of religious unrest, of doubt, of

utter unbelief, and felt no tremor of the foundations of his faith, no feeling as if all that he had once considered firm and abiding was tumbling into ruins? No; he, like others, has felt the dreadful quaking and shaking of the world of faith. Yet this commotion but throws him on suppliant knees as he exclaims:

"I pray for faith, I long to trust;
I listen with my heart, and hear
A voice without a sound: 'Be just,
Be true, be merciful, revere
The word within thee; God is near!'"

He believes

"Our times unrest, an angel sent of God
Troubling with life the waters of the world."

No matter how the storm rages, and the dark clouds obscure the heavens, there will come a time when these shall break away, and

"Leave, free of mist, the permanent stars behind."

Because of this belief in the great realities of existence he concludes—

"Therefore I trust, although to outward sense
Both true and false seem shaken; I will hold
With newer light my reverence for the old,
And calmly wait the births of Providence.
No gain is lost; the clear-eyed saints look down
Untroubled on the wreck of schemes and creeds;
Love yet remains, its rosary of good deeds
Counting in task field and o'er peopled town;
Truth has charmed life; the Inward Word survives,
And day by day, its revelation brings;
Faith, hope, and charity, whatsoever things
Which cannot be shaken stand. Still holy lives
Reveal the Christ of whom the letter told,
And the new gospel verifies the old."

No one who has read Whittier's works can doubt that he has struggled manfully with the great problems of life that present themselves to every reflecting mind. For some he has found satisfactory solutions, for others he is willing to wait until the darkness of this world is dispelled by the light of Heaven.

As a poet of New England's woods, streams and hills, he stands almost without a rival. It is not the hoarse roar of the storm-tossed surf, the foaming cataracts, the grandeur of towering cliffs that appeal most strongly to his soul, but the little flowers that bloom 'neath his feet, a rich summer landscape, the soft ripple of the wavelets on the beach. In his declining years he seems to have turned more and more to the companionship of nature, and, as a consequence, in these later poems we have many beautiful passages descriptive of natural scenery. His love for nature is not vehement and passionate like Shelley's, but rather deep and intense, like that of Wordsworth.

It is not to be expected that his recent poetry, written when on the verge of four-score years, can rival that of his younger days. At the same time there is much in his last volume to be admired, and two of the poems, "Saint Gregory's Guest" and "Sweet Fern," will bear comparison with any of his previous productions. We find the same variety of metre, vigor and felicity of expression, and earnestness of tone.

Though Whittier does not rank with the great poets, he still holds a very honorable place among those of lesser note. Much of his poetry cannot survive, as it deals with events temporary in character that have now lost their interest. Besides, most of his slavery poems were written under the influence of indignation, and not inspiration, and while the rhetoric is impassioned the sentiments are not poetical. There is no doubt that he heroically sacrificed his poetical fame on the altar of humanity. The best years of his life were spent in laboring for the freedom of the slaves, and if

this time and mental energy had been used in more poetical paths, there can be no question but that his rank as a poet would be much higher. The bubble fame, however, would be but a poor exchange for the satisfaction he must feel in having done such noble service in so good a cause.

Perhaps it would be impossible to give a truer estimate of Whittier's poetical works than the one he himself has given :

"Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind ;
To drop the plummet line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.
Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown ;
A hate of tyranny intense
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brothers' pain and sorrow were my own."

Midsummer.

HOW SADLY sweet these lingering days
Of close-cropped meads and yellow stubble fields
And tasseled corn that rustling yields
The zephyrs homage. Soft the purple haze
Is sleeping on the distant hill ;
The murmurous mazy music of the rill,
The robin's half-hushed trill,
The cat-bird calling shrill
His mate a swaying in the alders there
Are all the sounds that stir the silent air ;
How sadly sweet the lingering days
Of yellow field and purple haze.

The Haunted Spook.

MR. RALPH WANDERLEIGH, physician and surgeon, experience little, practice less, income least, had never recovered from his valedictory blight. His German university honors and even its consequent, supreme contempt for women, failed to secure for him the recognition which such accomplishments deserve; and, at thirty years of age, in his native city, his dainty white fingers were more busily employed in holding his fine aquiline nose while he prowled among the nastiness and filth where the sick poor lay than in writing out prescriptions for wealthy biliousness.

All this low way of living, of course, had its effect upon him—he was getting absurd notions about philanthropy and his duty to the poor, even forgetting his German code of ethics, and might never have made a name for himself at all if a supernumerary old uncle of his hadn't been hurried out of the world by a near prospect of marriage with his amazonian landlady, leaving his entire fortune to his dear nephew, whom he had ignored since the day of his birth and only pitched upon as heir for lack of a better, and whom everybody immediately recognized as a young man of great promise, some even having special attacks of their favorite maladies for the sake of calling him in.

And great promise his life seemed to hold out to him, too, as he came home one night after a poor man's work to indulge in a rich man's dream. But the promise was a problem. As he sat in the warm half-light of his glowing embers—what a contrast to the cheerless stove of a week ago—and as he hugged his precious Treatises on the Nervous System between his knees, his mind was racked by the question of where his greatest duty lay, among the rich or among the poor, until it was as tired as his body, which shows how very far into sentimentalism the poor fellow had fallen. He had, also, let me say, almost fallen asleep, when

the door of his room was violently struck and—not opened—but permeated, as it were, by a rush of force which took a misty and fluctuating shape immediately upon entering and glided quickly into the opposite corner of the room. Scarcely had he time to be astonished at this singular appearance when nearly the same phenomenon was repeated, the same shock, the same permeation and apparent transition, but without the misty appearance and with the addition of a curious and unpleasant noise, about a cross between the cries of anger and alarm. This was followed by a third but slighter shock, and, if I may so express it, a relieved air seemed to take possession of the entire chamber.

All this was the work of an instant, and just as our doctor uttered an exclamation of wonder a deep sigh evolved itself from the corner where the mist still hung, and a quavering voice—much disordered by heavy breathings, as if some one had been running hard—finally articulated these words:

“Don’t—be—alarmed. It’s only your Uncle Jonathan—that is”—and here he recovered breath—“I’m his etherealized individuality—”

“His what?” ventured Dr. Ralph.

“Well, his ghost—wraith—spook—what-not. If you’ve no objections, I’ll materialize.” This he did with dispatch, presenting to our doctor the exact person of his late uncle, rather flurried and hot withal, the mist before mentioned having dissolved and collected on his face in huge beads of perspiration. The doctor had been too much taken aback to quit his chair, and had not yet recovered enough of his few manners to offer his guest one; but his uncle seemed perfect master of the situation, for, with a polite bow, he seated himself and opened the conversation in a very professional tone.

“I have called to-night, doctor, partly for physical protection and partly for medical advice. You may think, with most men, that the grave is a release from all the ills of humanity; but you must disabuse yourself of that idea at

once. The nervousness that was my life-long trial has even increased since my nature has become less sordid, and over and above that, the experiences I have undergone since the great change, as you will acknowledge when you hear them, would be enough to induce nervousness, irrespective of natural tendency. These experiences I will now relate, as, of course, you would not wish to prescribe for my case without hearing the details."

In common professional politeness the only answer was an assent.

"Well, in the first place, you know, as a member of the family, what an awful life of it that woman led me. You know the nature of her odious attentions, and that, if she hadn't driven me to the grave when she did she would have married me *vi et armis*. Life was burdensome to me, and it was with a feeling of real joy that I welcomed the messenger of immortality—it was damp sheets. My first sensation on quitting the body and finding myself possessed of the power of speech and movement, and, on practicing before a mirror, the power of materialization, was a thrill of happiness, for, during my last illness, I had been thinking over a great purpose of revenge, and now I found it in my power to carry it out. My idea was no less than to *haunt* that woman.

"As soon as decency permitted—that is when the funeral was over—I proceeded to carry out my plan. In the meanwhile I made the acquaintance of several of the family ghosts and among them *her* former husband, a very estimable gentleman, but greatly troubled with my very malady—nervousness. At last the relics of my former life were carried out and I was left to a carnival of revenge, whose sweets I was not slow to taste.

"I made all my preparations and, about midnight, took a peep at my victim, and luckily found her awake. I took my stand in a dim corner of the room and tried to materialize, but, to my surprise, found myself unable to do so. Then I

tried to use my voice, but failed utterly. Not knowing what to make of it, I went to my latest friend, the ghost of her husband; and, as I knew what a dance she had led him, I put the case frankly before him. He was delighted with the idea, and pointed the way out of my difficulties. A good scare, he thought, would be, in her case, a most salutary discipline; he had never given her one, because, as I could easily see, he was horribly afraid of her, although he could materialize before her, which I could not. In regard to this, he said that such things were never allowed with others than relations, except by special permit, which could only be given by a relative of the hauntee, and this he would willingly furnish me, provided I would keep the matter a perfect secret. This promise I readily gave, and in a few minutes gleefully carried off my credentials to test their power.

"Taking my stand in the same part of the chamber as before, I began with a hollow groan, which, viewed from my standpoint, was a perfect success. I had no idea that she would be so easily scared, but by my very first groan gave her a dreadful turn. I followed it up with several masterly efforts, even articulating some words calculated to increase the dramaticness of the situation, and the effect was perfectly electric—she was frightened out of her wits. My revenge was glorious; I felt repaid for all my sufferings, but I craved even more. I worked still harder—I exerted my greatest lung power and my most rhetorical modulations; and finally, determining to cap the climax, in a rash moment I approached the foot of the bed with a slow and measured pace and materialized before her. The very moment after I saw that I had overdone it. Without a word of warning she then and there gave up the ghost!

"It is impossible to describe what followed. I had 'dugged my own pit,' and soon found that the boot was on the other leg; for, no sooner was her ghost liberated than we stood on equal ground, and on equal grounds I hadn't

even the ghost of a chance. The moment I saw her etherealize I knew that my game was up and I turned and incontinently fled.

"But it didn't end there; dear, no! My subsequent sufferings transcend imagination. Description is out of the question. How can the dull feelings of man be compared with the high-strung sensibilities of a spirit, and if men are terrified by banshees and apparitions how exquisite must be the sufferings of a haunted spook! All these, in their most aggravated form, I underwent. If life was a burden, I found that one short week of haunted death outweighed it all. I was discouraged. My whole time was spent in trying to escape the pursuit of the ghost of that awful woman, until finally I thought of you. I came as fast as I could, but she followed me pretty close, as you may have perceived; but the moment she saw a strange young man in the room she left—these etherealized females, you see, have to be very careful in their conduct to keep their standing in the community; it's as much as most of them can do to keep even the ghost of a character. Now what is your advice? Do you think I can strengthen my nervous system to such an extent that I can relish these hauntings? One of the worst physical forms is permeation—there's nothing so weakening as being permeated."

Doctor Wanderleigh, in spite of his experience in nervous troubles, was a little puzzled. But at last he thought he saw a method of operation. "You say that such persons as your late landlady have to look very carefully to the preservation of their ghostly character; if so, there must be some sort of control exercised over them to keep them straight. Am I right in supposing that this discipline is maintained by the male members of the offender's family?"

"Just so," said the late Uncle Jonathan.

"Well, then, isn't it a great breach of decorum for a married woman, such as you say your late landlady is, to follow a single gentleman around in such a scandalous way?

My advice is to see the authorities on this matter and have an injunction put upon such behavior."

"Glorious! Magnificent! Why didn't I think of that?" exclaimed our spook, attempting to embrace the doctor; but he was interrupted by a prolonged knocking at the door, and immediately etherealizing, he vanished.

It was some time before the doctor seemed to awake to the fact that a patient was pounding on his door, but he finally bade him enter.

"Why, doctor, you've been asleep."

"No I haven't," said the doctor testily; "I was just thinking. Do you believe in ghosts?" he said after a pause.

"No; do you?"

But no one ever found out what the great Dr. Wanderleigh thought about spiritual phenomena.

As he never saw the haunted spook again, it is quite likely that his advice was followed and proved salutary—but he never got his fee.

Song from Heine.

WHEN upon my couch I lie
Covered by the night,
Gently then a well-loved vision
Comes before my sight.

When soft slumber seals my eyelids
And at rest I seem,
Softly, lightly glides the figure
Into every dream.

But when driven by the daybreak
Dreams depart for aye,
Still within my heart the vision
Dwells the livelong day.

Lowell in American Literature.

IT HAS been the custom, and to a great extent still is so, to measure all American prose by a foreign standard, while of poetry the same is true in a far greater degree. While the fact remains that we have no literature possessing a claim to pristine honors, by which we may judge the productions of the day, this will not justify those Anglo-maniacs who deery everything that does not conform to English models of a bygone century. We have had a series of writers who have failed to make themselves remembered because they walked along a path already well beaten. But whenever one has dared to be original, he has made his name a household word. Such was Cooper, who brought before the world a novel and peculiar type of existence, found only in American forests, and destined not to be lasting. Before it could entirely vanish, he caught an instantaneous photograph, and that pictured character will remain for all time, stamped with the artist's name.

Lowell is the first of our own writers who has introduced a style and dialect distinctively American with any degree of success, and probably the first without restriction. Even Dickens achieved only a vulgar caricature. And Lowell did it but seldom, for the style of an author must be closely dependent upon his subject, and this subject is not a broad one. After all, what is style but the frame of a picture? The American writer uses instinctively the proper frame for the American picture; but when he attempts to fit an English one, what wonder if his success is no better than that of the foreigner who attempts the same thing towards us—first drawing his outline out of perspective, and then placing it in a frame marred by the twist of his own superficiality.

The life of Lowell is too well known to need extended comment. He was born and educated at Cambridge,

entered the profession of law, but soon left it for one more congenial to his taste, and was finally chosen to fill the chair of poetry in his own college. He is one of the noteworthy few among our authors that have had the advantage of collegiate instruction, and herein lies his special fitness for the work of literary criticism. This statement may be questioned; but note, from the author's standpoint, what have always been the very hornets' nests of critics. Were they not London and Edinburgh, under the shadow of two most famous universities? Note, also, the spirit of criticism that pervades every college, and tinges each man from the moment of his entrance, and which is so modified and directed by the training there received that at last it becomes able to form and express a sensible opinion. This is not much, except as a foundation, but, in addition, Lowell has the special gift that is necessary to him who would rise above the mass—a faculty for seeing, not merely the surface of the literary image, but in its position, in every line and curve of the design, the very soul of the sculptor. He can point out his minute shades of belief; his personal peculiarities; his relation to his time and society; his motives, assumed and real; in short, he sees the man reflected in his work. And in the work itself he observes, not what some one else has seen and described, but features hitherto unnoticed—here a blemish, there a beauty—while he views the whole from a new point, peculiar to himself. In his earlier critical productions he was inclined to be severe and unsparing—dealing rather too much with the author's personality; mixing much keen satire with but slight praise. Later this praise was more heartily spoken, and though his perceptions of idiosyncracies was no less keen, he called attention to them more pleasantly and more sparingly.

In the earlier works of any author we are sure to find more of the author himself—his pet opinions, his own life. So if we look through Lowell's "Fable for Critics," we think of this amusing simile: like a colt in pasture, just

freed from the irksome harness of college and of legal studies, he dashes recklessly about, and flourishes his heels in the face of all whom he approaches, breathing allusions classical and mythological at every turn, careering from one honored name to another, and bestowing on each some airy token of respect, or, more often, of infinite defiance. To Irving he gives marked honor; but Cooper with his representations of feminine character receives only a contemptuous whisk. Emerson is likened to a pile of bricks, the very choicest of building material, but forming only a heap and not a building, while Bryant is said to be

"As quiet, as cool and as dignified
As a smooth, silent iceberg that never is ignifed,
Save when by reflection 'tis kindled o' nights
With a semblance of flame by the chill Northern Lights."

Rather cool, this, to say the least. And so through the entire poem, in its allusions, its raciness, its occasional carelessness and general freedom, not to say half-impudence, there is unmistakably the newly-fledged collegian.

The later criticisms are eminently just, and entitle him to a high place among American critics. Perhaps, to the individual reader, the most convincing proof of their accuracy is that he finds fully formulated, many thoughts of which there had been a shadowy consciousness in his own mind, too indefinite ever to find expression. He shows that Carlyle, in his latest writings, restated simply what he had said before, with added invective in lieu of added conviction. In a half dozen skillful selections he lays bare Pope's whole character, makes plain the faults and affectations of his style, and illustrates here and there a happy thought. Most pleasing of all is his essay upon Chaucer; for here he does battle manfully for the old master, against the insinuations of those who would prove him lacking in the spirit of rhythm, and presents his antique gems in their best light.

Reading one of Lowell's prose non-critical essays is as refreshing as a rambling walk through an unvisited woodland. We meet with familiar objects at each step, but each, from new surroundings, acquires new interest, until we begin to wonder "What next?" We have started for some definite point, but are strolling about among trees and flowers, seemingly forgetful of all else. Suddenly, as the way begins to impress us with its length, we come face to face with our subject. As in the department of criticism, he sees everything in a new light. Listening to the notes of evening birds, he details their imaginary conversation; every tree and rock, every countryman gives rise to some interesting or amusing thought, and we have it expressed in one word. His descriptive powers are unrivaled. In these essays there are also choice bits of what may be called conversational philosophy, yet not enough to be wearisome. Everything comes unexpectedly, and a peculiar zest is thus given to the perusal. The beauty of the scenery upon a swift mountain ride fills him with poetic fervor, and moves him to repeat a line or two from *Evangeline*; but at that instant a corduroy road makes itself felt, and the result is—

"Thihihis is thehe fohorest prihimeval, the murhurmuring pihines
and the hehemlohocks."

In addition to the characteristics already noticed must be mentioned a deep political insight, a strong faith, and a determination to act in accordance with his convictions. His works may be classed as critical, descriptive or political. Most of these have a spice of delightful humor; but to this he seldom gives very free expression, and never without an under-current of deep and earnest meaning. But at the time when the fevers of Annexation and Abolition seized upon the national system, Lowell, till then little appreciated, and criticised as one whose "work would be better if he would take more pains," ventured upon a step which resulted in giving him prominence. He thus expresses it: "If I put

on the cap and bells, and made myself one of the court fools of King Demos, it was less to make his majesty laugh than to win a passage to his royal ears, for certain serious things which I had deeply at heart."

The step here referred to was more successful than he dreamed. The "Biglow Papers," published at intervals, written in a dialect hitherto supposed to be almost below recognition, and at least utterly irreconcilable with poetic diction, in every point presenting an originality that is simply startling, and dealing with questions that were afire in the national conscience, were swept up by the public like leaves by a tempest. Everywhere, in halls of state, in society circles, and in humble workshops, they were read, quoted and discussed. Their authorship was variously ascribed, and by very few correctly. Lowell, at a concert, once overheard a demonstration that he was utterly incompetent to have written them. They made his reputation, but they did far more, they were of immeasurable value in helping to give public opinion an impulse in the direction of right. We lose sight of the humorous and the dialectic, while we listen to his bold utterance of thoughts, which, even in this land of boasted freedom, cost other men their position and property, and even martyrdom; and whose intensity sometimes strikes like the blow of a trip-hammer; as, for example, that oft quoted and often criticised line—

" You've got to git up airy
Ef you want to take in God."

In some respects it is a pity that Hosea Biglow does not again find voice on the questions that agitate us to-day. He has given us this one sentence, which may serve as a text for many a discourse on the rights of man :

" Laborin' man and laborin' woman
Hev one glory and one shame ;
Every thin' thet's done inhuman
Injers all on 'em the same."

The humorous character of the Biglow papers depends, first, upon the eccentric sayings and doings of "Birdofredom Sawin;" and secondly, upon the adaptation of the Yankee dialect to rhyme and rhythm. The author defends it in an interesting article upon the derivation of words and idioms. Having already shown that the dialect can be used with telling effect, and that in rhyme, he would fain convince us that its descent is as reputable as that of French, or any other modern tongue; and he might succeed, perhaps, did not a doubt of his sincerity creep in.

Famous as these poems are, we must not forget that Lowell's claim to be called a poet rests upon a far wider foundation; and hence it is that the future will know him as a poet, and not as a critic or prose author. Dialect must of necessity grow monotonous in time, but not so the grace, vigor and pathos which find expression throughout all his poems. Not so the pleasant humor or the keen wit that glances forth continually. His is not the fixed tone of sorrow that is heard in almost every sentence of certain authors; youth, life, hope, are speaking to us, urging us to become men—men of principle and of action. Why? That we may be worthily remembered, after

"Our slender life runs rippling by, and glides
Into the silent hollow of the past."

As a poet, his acknowledged place is in the front rank of those whom we claim as our own. In prose, his position is more difficult to define. To whom shall we compare him? Prescott was too English in his style; Cooper too monotonous in subject and character. But in Irving we have one to whom it is an honor to compare him. Irving is universally regarded as being on a higher plane; but is there reason? Irving was self-educated, Lowell had special literary training; Irving wrote for the British public, Lowell derides the British public and the admirer thereof; Irving was proud of Scott's acquaintance, Lowell was satisfied

with that of his own countrymen. One complimented Irving in that his style resembled that of Swift; our chief delight in the "Biglow Papers" is in their absolute originality. In the power of perception, however, they are equal. Irving never entered the field of poetry; Lowell has never attempted the romance.

Irving is a rich entertainment; a theater where we behold actors of most superb talent, odd characters, original costumes; the scenes are striking, the music entrancing. We forget ourselves, and are haunted for days afterward by the memory of it all. We have already compared Lowell to a green field through which we wander, plucking flowers, breathing refreshing air, enjoying renewed acquaintance with familiar objects, and laying the foundation of renewed health. Irving's narrative is straightforward to the end in view; Lowell stops to cull fancies in passing. In the character of "Ichabod Crane," the vein of humor is deep and sustained; in that of "Birdofredom Sawin" it is upon the surface, but the purpose for which the latter character is the expression is far deeper.

Clearly, none of these considerations will decide the question. But we find in Irving a certain undefinable charm, that inclines us in his favor, so far as we take an æsthetic view. Do we wish to be amused, interested, uplifted, inspired, without an effort on our own part? Then Irving has not his equal. But do we wish to rouse ourselves and study the men about us and their predecessors, and to grapple with the questions of the day? No eye is so keen as Lowell's; no voice so clear of accent; no blows so vigorous as his. Each must be acknowledged a giant in his sphere, identifying Irving with prose romance, and Lowell with poetry and criticism.

Voices.

Our Alumni in Literature.

NOTICE has already been taken in the pages of the LIT. of the translations from the German, and of other works from the pen of Charles G. Leland, of the Class of '46. It is with pleasure that we add another name to the list of our graduates who are making their way into the domain of Literature. Mr. Ludlow, of the class of '61, published a few years ago, in pamphlet form, a sketch entitled "My Saint John." Its reception was such as to encourage renewed effort, and Mr. Ludlow's recent novel, "The Captain of the Janizaries," displays such talent in the art of constructing and developing a good story, as to sanction the hope that it is but the first of a series of novels illustrative of the phases of Eastern life, to which his peculiar studies have been directed. The difficulty of so far identifying oneself with Eastern manners and customs as to be able to reproduce anything like a faithful portraiture of character or genuine incident, is at once apparent. In addition to the task of writing a plot there is also the difficulty of entering into the spirit of the action, which, being foreign to the author, must make still other claims upon his imaginative powers. Then, too, the dialogue has a character of its own—a consistency of what we may term "ponderosity," which, to be effective, must be maintained without lapse or variation. These difficulties, which pertain to the mechanism of his work, Mr. Ludlow's oriental studies and his absorption of the oriental spirit, have reduced to a minimum.

It is not the purpose of this article to review the book, such a task being reserved for those who wish to excite in-

terest where none is felt. With us the case is different, and anything from the pen of a graduate of "Old Nassau" will be read with interest by all her loyal sons. Sufficient is it to say that the "Captain of the Janizaries" has its plot laid in the early centuries, at the time when Mohammedanism seemed about to sweep all else before it. The famous "Janizaries" corps, whose terrible though righteous extermination is a matter of history, figures largely in the tale, which is one mainly of strife and warfare. Running lightly through the whole is a pleasing little romance, which adds rather than detracts from the interest attaching itself to the main story. It is a novel not altogether unlike Mr. Wallace's "Ben Hur," and contains some passages of almost equal descriptive power.

A Professor of Poetry.

IN AN article which appeared recently in the "New Princeton" entitled "Counter Tendencies in Modern English Letters," some attention was given to the discussion of poetry as an art, and the necessity emphasized of carefully distinguishing between true poetry and the complex and technical achievements which Mr. Stedman claims is the characteristic of modern English verse. The *technique* of Tennyson, and Mr. Browning's passionate *expression*, making his verse not form only, but the form of *something*, each have their devotees. In the general controversy we are at a loss to determine what may be the correct theory of an art which has employed the highest powers of the ablest men in all ages. Whether, as Poe believed, the true province of the poet is only to give pleasure by the combination of pleasing sounds, sense being a subordinate matter, or whether, as Mr. Browning seems to think, the poet's func-

tion is rather to express the passion of the human soul, leaving rhythm and diction to adapt themselves to the poet's needs, is one of the many questions not yet determined. In the midst of the general controversy, the average student who only lacks the divine *afflatus* to make a genuine poet, but thus lacking develops into a lover if not a practitioner of the art, is in need of instruction which will enable him to distinguish between poetic husks and kernels, as well as excite an interest where otherwise much of the poetic side of life would be overlooked.

The muses were by no means entirely uninvoked during last year. The LIT. had the honor of forcing upon the college public several bits of verse which would have done credit to the pages of a magazine not conducted by undergraduates. In no way could the proper encouragement be better given to those who aspire to become proficient in poetic composition than by calling in the assistance of an able professor who has won for himself some recognition in the world of letters, and whose sympathy with the struggling aspirant may be sufficient to counter-balance the cold reception which usually greets the youthful competitor for poetic laurels. The influence which such a professor would have it in his power to wield among the lovers of literature throughout the country, cannot be easily overestimated. The old adage that "all mankind loves a lover," has its application alike to the poet. Dr. Holmes has probably advanced the interests of Harvard College more than any one professor who has ever been connected with that venerable institution. We have already opened our doors to art, and the next step seems to be naturally in the direction of a call to some thorough-going master of the science of English verse. The English department would thus be reinforced, and a new impetus given to our growing literary spirit.

The Degree of A. M.

THE degree of A. B. being bestowed indiscriminately upon every member of a college class has necessarily but little significance. It means no more in the last analysis than that its recipient has passed the prescribed examination—that he has “got through.” The degree of A. M. gives the opportunity for distinguishing between men of marked industry and ability, and the vulgar herd. We confess to a doubt as to whether some of the thirty or forty men who receive this degree each year at commencement do not belong to the latter class. At first sight the large number of candidates would seem to indicate great scholastic activity among the graduates of the college; but a glance at the catalogue will show us that it means rather that the degree may be far too easily obtained, and will convince us that if it is to retain its significance and value, the laws which govern its bestowal must be revised.

It is stipulated in the catalogue (page 129) that the degree of A. M. be conferred upon those who have taken a year or more of post-graduate study in the college and passed proper examinations, or who have submitted to the Board of Trustees a satisfactory paper, literary, philosophical or scientific. It is also provided that “the same degree may be conferred, three years after graduation, upon any Bachelor of Arts who is pursuing one of the learned professions.”

Here are two distinct sets of qualifications. The former, advanced liberal study, is universally assumed as a prerequisite to the degree, and alone gives to it its meaning and value, while the latter, which includes no more than is already covered by the diploma of a medical or law school, takes from it all significance or fitness, and tends largely to bring it into disrepute as the reward of liberal scholarship.

Let us take two cases by way of illustration. Here is a student of scholarly tastes and achievements who for a year

after his graduation pursues a course of liberal study, supplementary to his studies while in college. Here, on the other hand, is his classmate, who stood in the sixth general group, and who scrapes through a medical course with about equal distinction. Now, under the present system, both these men are entitled equally to the degree of A. M. Obviously, in the former case, the degree loses its value, while in the latter it is an unmerited and senseless addition to the medical diploma.

When we consider that the candidates who flock to our commencements may, and many in fact do, come under the latter head, the need of a revision of our present system becomes sufficiently clear. If an A. M. from Princeton is to be worth working for or worth having, we must stop tacking it on gratuitously to the diplomas of professional schools; we must confer it only as the reward of scholarly attainments in liberal and non-professional branches of study.

The New Regime.

CERTAIN changes have been wrought in the body politic, quietly, unobtrusively, without the exercise of authority, and by influences so subtle as to defy analysis. A class of between one hundred and forty and one hundred and fifty men has come among us, settled quietly down to work, without molestation and without interruption. A year ago such a thing would have been regarded as preposterous, and Sophomore dignity would have been outraged had such a possibility been hinted at, however indefinitely. But a change has come over the more public spirited members of our College community. We are loath to attribute it entirely to the fear of threatened penalty. In time past this alone has been inadequate to check the tendency to

haze, and we see no reason that it should now be regarded as the only factor in bringing about a state of things so unlike that which has for the past few years characterized the beginning of first term. If not to the tight reins which the faculty has seen fit to draw, to what cause are we to assign the fact that hazing as a practice has seemingly lost its hold in Princeton? Unless we are mistaken, the meetings which were held by the several classes during last year, the resolutions which were then drawn up, and the general spirit which prevailed, have had much, if not everything, to do with the change in question. From the first it was sure that any action to be effective must proceed from the students themselves. The argument in favor of the condemnatory resolutions which weighed most heavily was, that the practice of hazing was hurting the best interest of the College. By far the larger number who voted in favor of passing the resolutions, were moved by this consideration alone. It would be difficult to say just how far such action has been operative in bringing to the College the largest entrance class which its history records, but we may be assured that the consistency with which the several classes are acting up to the spirit of last year's resolves, cannot but operate in our favor.

The incoming class deserves the honorable distinction of being the first to enjoy the privileges and immunities growing out of a new conception of undergraduate responsibility.

The Gift of '76.

THE CLASS OF '76, at their decennial meeting in June, left the college \$1,000. The interest of this sum is to be devoted to a prize debate, to take the place of the regular exercises on Washington's Birthday.

While we always appreciate the interest alumni have in the college, especially when it takes such a substantial form, we question the feasibility of having this debate supersede the regular exercises of that day. The custom of having honorary orations then is one of such long standing that it seems to have become thoroughly engrafted into the body of our curriculum. To do away with these exercises would deprive the college of one of its brightest attractions during second term. The day is now wholly given over into the hands of the students. The respective orators are supposed to be men capable of representing the college with credit. Indeed their success in this line is seen every year in the large and appreciative audiences. Certainly a debate could not draw a fuller house, and we doubt very much if the same interest would be shown.

The position of the Senior orator is a particularly unique one. Savoring somewhat of the Presentation Address at Commencement, his oration supplies a need felt by the body of students, which we think the majority of us would be loath to give up.

But is it necessary that the two should conflict? We would suggest that the debate take place the evening of the same day. The merits of both would then be united in making the day even more attractive than before. Or, let it come some time during the latter part of January or the middle of March, thus adding another attractive feature to the monotony of second term.

We are heartily in favor of having the debate. The Lynde last Commencement showed us what grand material the college can furnish for such an occasion, and we cannot but feel grateful to '76 for their kindness and thoughtfulness. We do, however, protest against the doing away of that which already exists, on the ground that it is unnecessary and undesirable, in that it deprives us of one of the most pleasant features of the whole college year.

A College Secretary vs. Chapel Pulpit.

MOST men—we may even say most college men—wish to do good, and it is as to the method, not as to the ultimate object, wherein we differ. The Philadelphian Society, with its career of usefulness but yet begun, is the centre around which our differences gyrate, and where, if at all, they merge into agreement and finally crystallize into permanent good.

Any action, therefore, taken by the Society is regarded as the result of mature deliberation, during which methods have been discussed *ad infinitum*, and only the best finally chosen. During the past year the question as to whether Princeton should have a college secretary, who should work in the interest of the Society, organizing and superintending the various committees appointed during the year, was discussed and advocated through the Voice Department of the LIT. The only objection which it was thought could be brought against the plan was, that the state of finances would not allow the necessary outlay for salary, &c.

That there are other and far more serious drawbacks, a moment's consideration will at once show. Granted that the work of the Society needs a more careful superintendence than its President, with his numerous other duties, can give to it, it must not be overlooked that everything will depend upon getting the right man, who will work harmoniously with both officers and members of the Society, so that there shall be such a supervision as shall not bear heavily upon those who are anxious to work, but in their own time and way. In short, the difficulties of the situation are at once apparent. The Society as at present organized develops a spirit of responsibility in its members which, if removed, would undoubtedly weaken individual interest. As Mr. Wishard, the Inter-Collegiate Y. M. C. A. Secretary, remarked, the experiment is a new one in our colleges, and

it is better to wait until it has been carried somewhat further. In the meantime we have something to offer in place of the well-intentioned plan proposed.

That our Sunday forenoon service is often, with many of us, a prolongation of the morning nap, is not always due to the drowsiness of the occupants of the pews. "Children, obey your parents," is not the only injunction of Scripture, but there is another, equally pertinent, though often overlooked, to wit, "Parents, provoke not your children unto wrath," or, we may add, unto—drowsiness. Why, then, may not the Philadelphian Society put its shoulder to the wheel, and, with Dr. Murray's kindly co-operation and advice, use both its money and influence in securing occasionally ministers from the more active sphere of life, who shall, by reason of their contact with the busy world and knowledge of men and things, infuse a more universal spirit of interest in our Sunday services. Such a plan, operating as we hear successfully at Cornell, would endear the Society to upper classmen and win a hearing possibly among the "prodigals" in the two lower classes, who too readily adopt prevalent views of Sunday service, and who soon form the grand army made up of all classes, embracing sleepers, hymn-readers, artists and talkers, who, "provoked unto wrath," try to take it good-naturedly.

Editorials.

OWING to the opening of College so late in the month, it was impossible to bring out the LIT. on its regular date.

ALL NEW subscribers desiring the May and June numbers of the present volume can receive them by calling at the Editorial Rooms, 1 N. R. H., between the hours of 5 and 6 P. M. on Monday, October 4th.

WE DESIRE to call especial attention to our prize of ten dollars for the best sketch contributed to the October number. These sketches are due on or before the 8th of the month. Word limit, eighteen hundred.

WE WOULD extend the most hearty congratulations to the nine on their success; for although a combination of circumstances and the uncertainty of our national game lost us the championship, yet the acknowledged fact that we had the best nine in the contest is certainly a matter for congratulations.

Capt. Larkin is to be highly commended for getting his men to work immediately on their return.

The Chair of Archæology.

THE College, and the Art Department especially, is to be congratulated upon the entrance of Dr. Frothingham upon active duty among us. The Art School, though the latest addition to our ever broadening curriculum, has, even in its embryonic state, done efficient work, and given Princeton a world-wide reputation in art circles. Its latest acquisition has been the establishing of the Chair of Archæology, and securing as professor the eminent Dr. Frothingham. Dr. Frothingham has from early youth devoted his life to archæological research. Seventeen years of it have been spent in Europe, especially in Italy and Germany. While in Italy he attended the Roman Seminary and University, devoting special attention to the Oriental languages. In Germany, archæology was his chosen subject, and especially early Christian and mediæval art. In 1883, he took his Ph. D. *summa cum laude* in Leipsic, with Oriental Languages and Christian Art as his subjects. His thesis was a dissertation on the legendary account of the baptism of Constantine, already published by the Royal Academy of Lincei. He was called to the Johns Hopkins University as fellow in the Semetic languages, and while there was actively engaged in the formation of an archæological society at the university and a Baltimore branch of the Archæological Institute of America. Toward the close of 1884, he founded, with the coöperation of Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, the *American Journal of Archæology*, and was appointed secretary of the Institute. His publications, besides that mentioned above, include a volume published in connection with the noted French art historian, Eugène Müntz, entitled *Il tesoro Della Bastica di S. Pietro*, and a volume now being published in Holland on *A Syrian Mystic of the Fifth Century*. In addition, Dr. Frothingham has been a constant contributor to foreign and American art periodicals. The

amount of work which the doctor, as a young man yet under thirty, has accomplished is enormous. With the broad field of archæology before him, his genius and activity will find full scope, and we may expect great honor as a college from the adding of his name to our illustrious corps of professors.

The Worst Chestnut of All.

NOT ONLY is the origin of those mysterious words which appear so suddenly upon the literary horizon and run through the two grades of vulgarity and slang until they are at last received into the all-engulfing haven of an unabridged—not only is their origin wrapped in unfathomable gloom, but of many even the exact meaning is a matter of considerable doubt.

Of this rule the word "chestnut" is a notable example. Only one thing is firmly established in regard to this elegant expression, and that is that no one knows exactly what it means. This very vagueness, however, gives its votaries an excuse for using it on every possible occasion. It is almost pathetic to see the devotion of a certain class of minds to this word of many meanings—it is one manifestation of a slang mania, which is about analogous to the patent medicine craze common in country communities. Indeed, it occupies so large a space in some under-graduate vocabularies that familiarity has begun to breed the regular orthodox contempt, and the time has come when it can best be predicated of itself. We sincerely hope that the paragons of slang will at once set all the machinery of their art at work and shortly manufacture at home, or introduce from abroad, some new article in this line—almost anything will do, provided it has the requisite amount of silliness about it. The college world is not critical, but it would indeed be too bad if we should be forced this winter to put up with last year's goods.

Some Dead Immortals.

SOMEWHERE in the "Virginians" Thackeray apostrophizes the author of the renowned "Tom Jones" and bewails the fallen estate of him who, in his day, was considered such a pattern of morality, whose works were the household companions of the young and the innocent, at once furnishing the goals to be aimed at and the means of their attainment—in short, hand-books for all modest behavior and gentle deportment, but which now, alas! in these days of high-strung nerves gentle maids cannot read without a blush forsooth!

What indignation must the virtuous ghost of this virtuous author feel in being weighed by this squeamish generation and found wanting in *morality*—his very strongest point! Poor Fielding, his greatest virtue was his only crime! but his sentence has been passed and carried out and his works have gone to join the host of dead immortals.

And a worthy company it is surely. If we go by tales, that absurd old "Castle of Otranto" should head the list. We defy anyone who has ever been known to laugh before to read this with a straight face. If his gravity isn't upset by the gigantic helmet it will be by the gigantic sword, and, be he the veriest skeptic, if he is not quite convinced, after reading this delightful book, of the reality and omnipresence of all sorts and conditions of spectres, it will not be because they are introduced with a sparing hand. The inconsequence of these apparitions, together with a little startling immorality, give a flavor of unexpectedness to the book, which must be read to be appreciated.

"The Mysteries of Udolpho," a light and airy little romance, in four quartos, deserves a high place in our roll of honor. The Castle of Udolpho, the turning-point of this interesting history, is first introduced somewhere about the end of the second volume, the first being taken up with a description of the birth, history, personal appearance, char-

acteristics and death of the heroine's parents, intermingled with scenery from the south of France—Udolfo is in Italy.

And so on, *ad libitum*, time and patience would fail before the ghosts of all those works—once immortal, but now dust—could be called up and exorcised; some few, after you had raised them from their grave, you would be unwilling to relinquish. And here we cannot refrain from mentioning the "Bravo of Venice," worth a thousand of its trashy successors which are read with eagerness—but by far the most merit the grave they lie in, namely, the insatiable paunch of the *bibliophile*. The book-lover's cheeriest thought, when he contemplates the stuff which the reading public so eagerly swallows to-day, is that some day these, too, may be dead immortals.

IT IS the privilege of those who were brought into contact with Dr. Maclean in his lifetime, to mourn his death as a personal loss. Those of us who never listened to his instructions, but to whom his face was a familiar and cheering sight, might lay claim to a part of this privilege also; but in paying this tribute to his goodness, which a sense of personal loss almost exclusively implies, we should not forget, as patriotic sons of Old Nassau, to note *it's* loss—the loss of one of its ablest presidents—the one who seized the opportunity of its greatest crisis to sacrifice self, and, so doing, laid the firm foundation of its wonderful stride from weakness to strength, from threatened failure to its present success, and, as his reward, received the homage of all to his benevolence and goodness, which was so pre-eminent as to blind the eyes of many to the fact that as President of Princeton College he stood with the greatest of his predecessors. His monument is the recollections of him and Nassau Hall, which are shrined among the dearest memories of a thousand of her sons.

Literary Gossip.

It is the Harvest Moon! On gilded vanes
And roofs of villages, on woodland crests
And their aerial neighborhoods of nests
Deserted, on the curtained window-panes
Of rooms where children sleep, on country lanes
And harvest fields, its mystic splendor rests!
Gone are the birds that were our Summer guests,
With the last sheaves return the laboring swains!
All things are symbols; the external shows
Of Nature have their image in the mind,
As flowers and fruits and falling of the leaves;
The song birds leave us at the summer's close,
Only the empty nests are left behind,
And pipings of the quail among the sheaves.

—Longfellow.

How glad we are to be back again! And the Gossip does not need to assure you of your cordial welcome from him—all of you, from those who are beginning to feel the first pangs of sorrow at the thought that their college life must close with the closing year, to those whose attachments all remain to be formed, and who look forward at the great gulf of the four years ahead of them with the joy that springs out of curious expectancy. For himself, the Gossip, although his position calls upon him to speak, could he follow the inclinations of his feelings, would remain silent. There are times in our lives when words are impossibilities; and as my thoughts look forward to the inevitable separations which must follow in the wake of this year, I may be pardoned for appropriating to myself the sentiment which has been so well expressed in the following words: "The man who is never conscious of a state of feeling or of intellectual effort, entirely beyond expression by any form of words whatsoever, is a mere creature of language."

We have all lost a friend since the last breaking-up time. It brings a deep touch of sadness to our hearts as we remember him; there was no one whom the fellows cherished with so strong an affection; but during the peace and quiet of the summer-time he left us. We may not all serve our beloved *alma mater* in as honored a position as he did, but we may all learn a lesson of the meaning of a faithful *alumnus*. His great heart beat unceasingly with the deepest interest and sympathy for his long-loved Princeton; and now,

"That mighty heart is lying still."

Of course we have all studied this summer. Don't mistake me; I don't mean books. I have taken my cue from my old friend, the Autocrat: "I always believed in life rather than in books." Books are essences of life; and for me in vacation times, there is more fragrance in a flower than in a sonnet.

"Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife;
Come hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life
There's more of wisdom in it."

But I am not a whole-souled summer Philistine. I cannot disregard my most intimate friends. I have spent many a delightful hour of late with our own homely, witty Saxe. There is a vein in most of us that responds to his realistic wit. He is especially happy when he touches college life. It is not difficult to gather from some of his poems what his own must have been. There is an unmistakable "smell o' musk" about his "Early Rising;" read it and you feel yourself in sympathy with him at once. And I very strongly suspect that some few of us, at least, can appreciate his lines entitled "A Reflective Retrospect:"

"I recollect the prizes paid
For lessons fathomed to the bottom;
(Alas that pencil marks should fade!)
I recollect the chaps who got 'em,—
The light equestrians who soared
O'er every passage reckoned stony;
And took the chalks, but never scored
A single honor to the pony!"

Being a Harvard man, of course his words about morning prayers can not apply to Princeton:

"I recollect the drowsy way
In which the students listened to them,
As clearly, in my wig, to-day,
As when, a boy, I slumbered through them."

Perhaps we can discover an embryonic tendency, even in his day, to optional chapel attendance!

If your critical ear should find the Gossip more inclined to ramble than usual this month, you may lay the charge against vacation preference. We all grow tired of logic. I like a man who has courage enough to write so that you cannot see the end from the beginning; whose pen defies analysis, and disconcerts the scientific critic; and I have a brotherly sympathy for him who can enjoy a book written with the "sacrifice of logic to sound." What a charm some books possess from this single quality! How much more to the taste of most of us to get a

hold of things by other than the metaphysical end! Such a book as Ruskin's "Precious Thoughts," full of those delightful "*flashing pensées*," is a gem not to be duplicated. Who does not enjoy sitting with such a book, and letting his mind wander from one end of the earth to the other unrestrained? The suggestiveness of a book whose thoughts seem to flash unbidden, where genius compels us to trace its footsteps, and where all the evidences of painful thoughts are absent, affords the mind one of its pleasantest occupations. We feel, when we read and muse over such a work, "As if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the loadstone, whatever it touches, by the subtle laws of its nature."

There is a beauty in spontaneity which fascinates us; and we sometimes, in our vanity, think that appreciation lies next door to a similar execution.

But the dreams of vacation are over. This is a fact, whether it pleases or grieves us. "*Odi profanum vulgus*" is my motto when summer begins, and so I betake myself to a quiet retreat, the quainter the better, and the farther from railroads the more to my taste. But we have to bid adieu to windmills and graveyards which have listened to the song of the sea for centuries, and to all quaint relics of the sacred past, and turn again to a life I would fain believe no whit more real, but somewhat more exacting. I love the rural life, however, and feel a hearty sympathy with the sentiment expressed by Pope:

"Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground."

The college man in agricultural life is to me an ideal thought, and naught could please me more than its realization. Perhaps the desire is mingled with selfishness, but so, to a greater or less degree, are all thoughts of self.

I am advising poorly, however, at the beginning of a year of work. We must live in the present, and feel, as scholars, somewhat of the enthusiasm expressed by Southey in "The Scholar."

"Around me I behold
.....
The mighty minds of old:
My never failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day."

Editor's Table.

"The Present, the Present is all thou hast
For thy sure possessing;
Like the patriarch's angel, hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing.

"Then of what is to be, and of what is done,
Why quierest thou?—
The past and the time to be are one,
And both are now!"

"**A**NYTHING for the LIT.?" we inquired of the postmaster on our return from the summer vacation. "Well, I should say so," replied that official, waving his hand toward a great pile of papers and books stored in one corner of the office. We gathered them up and started off for the sanctum. And what a miscellaneous crowd we found! Here was the staid and dignified *Princeton Review* hobnobbing with the *Bates Student*, the *Century* rubbing noses with *Targum*, and the *Williams Lit.*, with its accustomed gallantry, endeavoring to shield the *Vassar Misc.*

Nearly all of the college periodicals before us contain extended notices of commencement. Several of them, for example *The Harvard Monthly*, devote almost their entire space to the speeches, poems, *et cetera*, of that festive period. We have our doubts that this is the proper material with which to fill up our college papers. Were the speeches, etc., so good that subscribers would care to peruse them after once hearing them delivered?

No doubt our brothers of the professional press would laugh to scorn any claim that the collegiate press might set up of having beaten them in journalistic enterprise. Yet, how can they help yielding us the palm when they are informed that the June number of the *Hamilton Lit.*, in evident anticipation of the Charleston earthquake (information of which had been received, in all probabilities, from "reliable but secret sources"), contained an exhaustive article on "Earthquakes." Nor will the aforesaid professional press be able to claim that the article was written with no expectation that there would soon be this startling example of the phenomena under discussion, for the author distinctly stated, "The earthquake has appeared in every period of the world's history." The conclusion is irresistible that, as this is "a period of the world's history," and as no reason can be given why there should not be earthquakes in the future as well as the past, we must, of necessity, have one in the present period. But, to make assurance doubly sure, the writer further remarked, "The land of earthquakes is the land of

ignorance, intolerance and despotism." We dare not offend the great State of South Carolina by asserting that this description should have made every citizen of that commonwealth certain as to the locality in which the phenomena was to occur, but we do claim that the warning was sufficiently explicit to make them "tremble in their boots," and they would have shown great prudence had they immediately moved up into the full and enlightened neighborhood of the *Hamilton Lit.*, where earthquakes never come.

"Iago's Opinion of Himself," in the *Vassar Misc.* for July, is deserving of much praise. The key-note to Iago's character is held to be that given by himself, "I am nothing if not critical." We are led more and more to see this as his character is outlined and his actions noted. The writer remarks, "Iago was right; without his critical ability he was truly nothing—a little nature wholly possessed by a petty spite. With it he was maker or undoer of all the lives with which he came in contact; Iago, the prince of villains."....."Had he utilized his supreme insight in keeping others from mistakes which their duller eyes could not see, he would have fulfilled the office of the critic, the true critic, he who helps his fellow-men by sympathy aided by keener wit. But, lacking the sympathy, he became the man for whom there is no place in the universe and no name in the dictionary, the man who can do nothing but criticise." The article concludes with a warning to all to first be sure of their motive in criticising—that it be not petty, like Iago's. We fear that the writer has strained her subject a little in endeavoring to "point a moral," but the larger part of the essay is so good that we forgive her for this slight fault. The discussions which form one of the distinctive features of the *Misc.* might be imitated with advantage by all of us, though we think that subjects of a newer, and perhaps of a more literary character, should be discussed than such as the one that appeared in the last number, "Religious instruction in the public schools."

Among the many excellent departments of *Harper's Magazine* is the "Editor's Study," conducted by the well-known novelist, W. D. Howells. That it is read carefully by all aspirants for literary honors is shown by the frequent allusions in different periodicals to the subjects there discussed, by essays on the topics there suggested and by the free and often unacknowledged appropriation of original ideas which Mr. Howells there brings forward. In the September number of *Harper's* Mr. Howells makes a study of a Russian novel, *Le Crime et le Chatiment*, by Dostoevsky, and also of a novel that has attracted considerable attention of late, "Baldwin," by Vernon Lee. Some ideas in regard to the influence of fiction, which the author of the latter novel advances, are emphasized and discussed at some length. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's "Their Pilgrimage" does not flag in interest. "Brother Angelan" is an admirable story, so, likewise, is the "End of a Love Match."

The September number of *The New Princeton Review* has a wealth of able articles. "Genius," by Edmund C. Stedman, is an answer, and we think a conclusive answer, to Mr. W. D. Howells' publicly expressed opinion that genius is not a special gift of certain favored ones, not in any sense inspiration, but is a matter of labor, training and circumstances. Mr. Stedman reviews the opinions of eminent men of all ages on the subject, and advances numerous proofs of the position he holds. Professor Ormond has a strong and clearly-written article in this number to which he has given the title, "The Agnostic Dilemma," and indeed he makes it very plain that agnostics are in danger of being gored by one or the other of the horns. As usual, the criticisms, notes and reviews are full of interest and instruction.

We spent a very pleasant half hour the other day in studying carefully the illustrations in the *September Century* under the guidance of one who was thoroughly posted in artistic matters. In a short time we were able to tell whether the original picture had been an oil, water color, crayon, photograph, pencil or pen sketch. We also learned to distinguish between wood, steel and copper engravings. Much other interesting information was imparted and our eyes were opened to beauties and fine points that had previously escaped notice. How little we realize the amount of time, expense and labor spent on these illustrations that we glance at so carelessly! This number has two remarkable papers that give the experiences of some amateur balloonists. They are excellent specimens of realistic description, and are, at the same time, delightfully humorous.

The October *Atlantic* brings Henry James' serial to an exciting close. The extended notices and the number of anecdotes of the Mad King Ludwig of Bavaria, which have appeared so abundantly in the press, show very plainly the interest that people take in his career. "King Ludwig and Wagner" in this number contain much new information concerning that eccentric monarch. The writer states that "Wagner lived in princely style at the expense of his royal Maecenas, whom he also persuaded to build a splendid theatre in Munich for the special representation of his 'musical dramas.' This project failed, owing to the violent and almost universal opposition it encountered. A fierce wrath, which even beer could not assuage, fired the hearts of the proverbially dull and phlegmatic Munichers, who fought this new Wagnerian extravagance with tooth and nail; and now that the proposed theatre has been established at Bayreuth, and attracts throngs of strangers with long purses, they are ready to rend their garments and tear their hair at their own shortsightedness and stupidity. They scoffed at the "music of the future and had not the slightest presentiment of the nearness and brilliancy of that future."

Books.

PSYCHOLOGY; THE COGNITIVE POWERS. By James McCosh, D.D., LL.D.
Litt. D. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price, cloth, \$1.30.)

The book before us is one that the students who have listened to the lectures of Dr. McCosh have long desired to see in print. No matter how carefully notes may be taken they can never be as satisfactory as a printed work; important matter will now and again be omitted, mistakes will be made, and, as they lack an index, it is always difficult to refer to particular parts. This work, therefore, supplies a long-felt want, and we have no doubt that it will soon form a part of every Princeton man's library, and not only of theirs but of the libraries of all who take an interest in mental science. Where can there be found a clearer and safer book on Psychology? It is the ripe product of a lifetime spent in pondering on this and kindred subjects. Besides, as it is compiled in great measure from the author's lectures, and has been recited on by hundreds of students, we feel assured that, considered merely as a textbook, it must be well nigh perfect. Portions of the subject where difficulty is liable to be experienced have been elucidated with the utmost care, and the parts where confusion is apt to occur have been made plain and simple. The doctrine of Natural Realism—the basis of the President's philosophy—is here expounded. We cannot overestimate the advantage to every thoughtful man of having a realistic foundation for his thinking. How hazy and unreal must life seem to those who believe "that the mind does not perceive the material object, but some idea or representation of it—some medium or *tertium quid* coming between the object and the perceiving mind." This work is written in no "dry-as-dust" style, but is replete with interesting illustrations, and contains also many delightful quotations from the poets. In short, it is as interesting to read as it is valuable to study.

AN AMERICAN FOUR-IN-HAND IN BRITAIN. By Andrew Carnegie. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price, paper, 25c.)

One of the raciest books of travel we have yet seen. The attention is enchained from the beginning to the end by the author's original observations, and his terse, pointed, yet pleasing style. Mr. Carnegie is a Scot by birth and retains much love for the "old country," but he is, nevertheless, a loyal citizen of the United States, and a firm believer in her institutions. He loses no opportunity of comparing the two countries in every salient feature.

SCHILLER'S AUSGEWAHLTE BRIEFE. Selected and edited, with an introduction and commentary, by Paul Bucheim. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The carefully selected letters here presented will be warmly welcomed by all German students, and especially by the admirers of Schiller. The selection is quite miscellaneous, some dealing with matters of general interest in Schiller's time, and others, of a more personal character, indicating the development of his genius in various stages of his literary career.

CANOEING IN KANUCKIA. By Chas. Ledyard Norton and John Habberton. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

It would be difficult to find a more charming book to while away an hour or so with than the one before us. We would not do the work the injustice, however, to leave the impression that it is merely amusing, for there can be no doubt the authors' intention was to give almost complete instruction in reference to a canoeing trip, and in this they have succeeded admirably.

THE STORY OF NORWAY. By H. H. Boyesen. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, illustrated, \$1.50.)

Previous to the publication of this work there was no history of Norway worthy of the name in the English language. The publishers of the excellent series, "Stories of the Nations," were very fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Boyesen, for he not only brings to the work considerable literary ability, as has been shown by his "Goethe and Schiller," "Idylls of Norway" and "Gunnar," but being a Norwegian by birth, and having a warm love for the fatherland, he would naturally be willing to make great efforts to secure material and to prepare it for the press. The author begins by an inquiry into the origin of the Norsemen and comes to the conclusion they are of Aryan stock, and that there is a strong probability that their invasion of the countries which they now inhabit must have taken place during the second century preceding the Christian era. After considering at some length the physical characteristics of Norway, the early tribal organization and means of livelihood, and their sense of independence and aptitude for self-government, he proceeds to their religion and takes up the principal reigns and discusses them at length. We can heartily recommend this "Story of Norway" to all.

THE STORY OF GERMANY. By Sabine Baring-Gould. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. Price, cloth, illustrated, \$1.50.)

The Germans have exerted a powerful influence in Continental Europe for over eighteen hundred years. Not the least among their services to

Northern Europe was the brave stand they made under Hermann against the legions of Rome, thus preventing the further Romanizing of the peoples north of the Rhine. It is an absorbing story, and should be of interest to all, but especially to us, a branch of the Teutonic family. There are but few books that present the old German life, beliefs and traditions in so excellent a manner.

SCRIPTURES, HEBREW AND CHRISTIAN. By E. T. Bartlett and J. P. Peters. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers.)

The contents of this first volume are Hebrew tradition and history, from the Creation to the Captivity. The story is told in the words of the Bible, but with considerable condensation and re-arrangement. Explanatory glosses have been added here and there. The compilers have evidently used the utmost care in the preparation of the work. It comes highly recommended by many of the most eminent divines in the country. As it is issued from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, it is hardly necessary to say that its general appearance and make-up are in every respect first-class.

CHILDREN OF THE EARTH. By A. R. Macfarlane. (New York: Henry Holt & Co., publishers. Price, cloth, \$1.00.)

We have here a novel of merit, not, of course, ranking among the productions of genius, but one that is sufficiently sensible to make it worth reading, and sufficiently absorbing to hold our attention. It is a fine study of human nature; there is the same old, old conflict of good and evil.

NO SAINT. By A. Sergeant. (New York: Holt & Co., publishers. Price, cloth, \$1.00.)

A dark story of sin and suffering. Who would think of taking a fratricide for a hero? Yet such is the author's principal character, and we are made to gaze at him through a literary microscope very much as one would examine some unfortunate insect. Every twinge of remorse is registered, every cry of anguish recorded. We cannot forbear pitying the poor wretch, especially as we know the murder was committed under circumstances which make it almost, if not quite, self-defense. Grief, disappointment, trouble, are given in such large doses that we confess to have laid the book down in a very unpleasant frame of mind.

PRINCESS. By M. G. McClland. (New York: Henry Holt & Co., publishers. Price, flexible cloth covers, 50c.)

OBLIVION. By M. G. McCelland. (New York: Henry Holt & Co., publishers. Price, flexible cloth covers, 50c.)

These two excellent novels are by a writer who has but lately become known as a novelist. Miss McCelland could have easily passed for a man in the literary world, as her touch is decidedly masculine, and she has the ability to draw masculine character after a fashion not at all common to female writers. The plots are well worked out and the interest is kept up to the very last word. Some critics compare these novels very favorably with Hugh Conway's, and others see a strong resemblance to Miss Murfree's.

HANNIBAL OF NEW YORK. By T. Wharton. (New York: Henry Holt & Co., publishers. Price, flexible cloth covers, 50c.)

It has been said of Mr. Wharton that he "Utters philosophy and sarcasm with a piquancy and good temper which recalls Thackeray's lighter manner without echoing it," and we are very much inclined to acquiesce in the judgment. It is a delightful satire on certain phases of New York life, besides being a first rate story.

THE PERIL OF THE REPUBLIC. By W. A. Taylor. (Columbus, O.: Nitschke Bros., publishers. Price, cloth, 75c.)

The author discusses in a vigorous and confident manner the following subjects: "Patriotism versus Official Corruption," "The Real and Pretended Issue," "Brain as a Bar Sinister," "The Signals of Approaching Danger," "Honesty an Inherent Principle," "Labor its own Enslaver," "Speculations as to National Boundaries." The work contains many original ideas on the above subjects, and is well printed.

THE BOSTONIANS. By Henry James. (New York: Macmillan & Co., publishers. Price, cloth, \$2.00.)

We would naturally expect to find representative Boston life in a novel bearing the above title. But do we find such? Surely, ladies who seem to be a cross between the woman's rights variety and the mesmerist and spiritualist variety, are not the only kind, nor the principal kind, to be found in the refined and intelligent city of Boston. The plot does not strike us as being remarkably strong, and many portions of the work seem to be spun out at too great a length. Mr. James' style is a model of clearness and beauty, and it is well exemplified in the novel before us. The typography is admirable.